Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So faſtned in her armes *Adonis* lyes,
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still ſhe intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare ſhe tunes her tale.
Still is he ſullen, ſtill ſhe lowres and frets,
Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale;
Being red ſhe loues him beſt, and being white,
Her beſt is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand ſhe ſweares,
From his ſoft boſome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which lõg haue rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet kiſſe ſhall pay this comptles debt.

Vpon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what ſhe did craue,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

Neuer did paſſenger in ſommers heat,
More thirſt for drinke, then ſhe for this good turne:
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but helpe ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire muſt burne:
Oh pittie gan ſhe crie, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kiſſe I beg, why art thou coy?

I haue bene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the ſterne, and direfull God of warre,
Whoſe ſinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre,
Yet hath he bene my captiue and my ſlaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His batterd ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake, hath learnd to ſport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and ieſt,
Scorning his churliſh drumme, and enſigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rulde, I ouer-ſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine,
Strong tẽperd ſteele his ſtrõger ſtrength obeied.
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine,
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maiſtring her that foyld the God of fight.